Lillie Pozer 1898

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The Queen and the Fishermen.

The 'Toilers of the Deep' publishes this portrait of Queen Victoria in connection with the announcement that Her Majesty had approved of the title 'Royal National' being assumed by the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. This honor is deeply appreciated by the society. The organ of the society says:

'It is our great privilege to be able this month to make an announcement that will be received with profound thankfulness by every friend and helper of the Mission, no less than by the fishermen, alike in home and colonial waters, for whom it exists and works so indefatigably.

'On December 7, Sir Arthur Bigge wrote from Windsor Castle:—"You will be glad to know that the Queen has to-day approved of the title 'Royal National' being assumed by the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen." And a few days later the formal official notification of the Royal favor was duly received from the Home Secretary.

'We are sure that no words of ours are needed to set forth the immense value of such a mark of Royal approval; and our brave fishermen themselves will assuredly not be the last to gratefully recognize this unmistakable evidence of the close personal interest Her Gracious Majesty must feel in their welfare. The news will come to them, we are sure, as a valuable Christmas card from the Queen herself and from many a toiling smack will go up the prayer, "God bless her!"

'For the Council and all officially connected with the Mission, we need only say how deeply they feel and appreciate the honor thus conferred on the Society, and no effort will be spared by them to make and keep the Mission, even to the minutest details of its operations, right worthy of its name.'

HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

DR. GRENFELL.

Dr. W. T. Grenfell, whose sketch of Prince Pemiuk we copy in this number, was sent out by this mission. He is captain of the missionary ship 'Sir Donald,' presented by Sir Donald Smith to the Deep Sea Mission.

A writer in a Boston paper, 'The Congregationalist,' says of him:—

'At Oxford he was prominent in athletics and I think the great thing he had to give up for the Gospel's sake was the thought of being captain of the 'Varsity team'! But that training well fitted him to become captain of the missionary steamer 'Sir Donald' and to endure hardness on sea and land in his future work. In Soudan he studied medicine under Sir Andrew Clarke and this experience in a London Hospital was God's way of specially fitting him for service among sailors. And then a word fitly spoken in a public meeting in London by Dwight L. Moody decided the young surgeon to become 'a fisher of men.' Such he has been usefully and happily ever since.'

Within the Rim of Your Shilling.

(By Susan Teall Perry.)

Mrs. Maxwell was disappointed. Her face showed it. She thought her husband would give her a sealskin garment for her holiday gift. She had surely hinted often enough during the few weeks preceding Christmas that she very much desired that particular garment. She was hurt and felt that she had suffered a great grievance, as she sat alone in the cosy sitting room of the pretty home she and her husband had been so happy in for the two years of their married life.

We live by comparison in a great degree. What some one else has we are quite apt to think we ought to have, too. Mrs. Maxwell's next door neighbor and most intimate friend, Mrs. Hartwell, had exactly the counterpart of the sealskin jacket she had so much wanted, given her by her husband for her Christmas present.

'My husband is so indulgent to me, dear old fellow!' she had said to Mrs. Maxwell, two hours before, when she had run in to get a recipe.

Mrs. Maxwell rolled out the crust for a lemon pie, all the while 'chewing the cud of resentment.' 'Did her husband love her as well as Mrs. Hartwell's husband his wife?' She began to accuse 'the best husband in the whole world' of being neglectful of her. But even 'chewing the cud of her resentment' did not make her unmindful of her duties toward the getting up of a dinner for that husband when he should come home. It was the first lemon pie she had ever made, and it was going to be a surprise for Walter. Walter was very fond of lemon pie, and the pie was a great success. When her husband came home they sat down at the table together. He was in fine spirits, everything about the dinner was just right, and the lemon pie had great commendation from him.

'And now, I may kiss the cook,' he said, as they finished dinner, and he put his arm around his wife, and led her into the sitting room.

If he had had a little more intuition about that time, he would have noticed that his wife seemed to have 'something on her mind.' She did not wait long before she said:

'O Walter! you ought to see the elegant sealskin Mr. Hartwell gave his wife for her Christmas. She showed it to me to-day, and says her husband is always so indulgent

DR. W. T. GRENFELL.

in getting things she wants. Was it not kind of him ?'

Mr. Maxwell's face changed at once. He looked as if he could hardly credit his wife's statement. 'My dear, I cannot see how Hartwell could afford to get his wife that expensive piece of wearing apparel. He is very hard up just now. I am better fixed than he is, and much as I would delight to have given my dear wife just such a gift, I could not do it without going into debt heavily. That is against my principles. I must say that I do not think it was any kindness to his wife to indulge her in such a way. I do not wish you to say anything of what I am about to tell you. Mr. Hartwell came to my office and borrowed fifty dollars of me two months ago. He did not wish me to say anything about the matter, and I did not, even to you. He said he would pay it in ten days at the most, but he has never spoken of the debt since. I found to-day that since that time he borrowed different sums of money from mutual friends of ours, and has repaid none of them. Would you like to wear anything representing so much money, if your husband had borrowed the means to get it with ?'

'Oh, no, no, Walter, dear. I was all wrong. I did think that perhaps Mr. Hartwell loved his wife better than you do me, but I don't now.'

'It is because I love you so well and I do not want to hurt my standing in a financial way that I do not get things we cannot afford. I do not owe a cent in the world. 'Live within the rim of your shilling' is an old adage I learned from my grandfather.'

'I would not wear that garment for anything, under the circumstances,' exclaimed Mrs. Maxwell. 'Everybody Mr. Hartwell borrowed money of will think he has a lien on that garment. I am glad, Walter, you were too wise and considerate of my reputation and your own to place me in such trying circumstances.'

'I know, little wife, that you wanted just such a one, and I would have been so happy to have indulged your wishes, if it had not been for the prudentials.'

'Of course Mrs. Hartwell does not know her husband borrowed all that money, Walter, for she would not take any comfort in showing her new wrap if she did.'

'I presume she does not know of the tight place in business affairs her husband is in. I think Hartwell is one of those men who do not tell their business matters to their wives.'

'And I know every month just how we stand in the financial world, Walter; I always have, ever since we were married. I thank you, my dear, dear husband, for such confidence.'

'I believe every woman should know her husband's true circumstances—the majority of wives are true to their husband's interests, and will try to help instead of hinder him in making a character for integrity and uprightness, if he only trusts her.'

'I'm so glad you did not get me what I so foolishly hinted I wanted, Walter. You did me a greater kindness by giving me the gifts that came "within the rim of our shilling."'

Mrs. Hartwell astonished her friends and neighbors by appearing at church in her new elegant sealskin—all unconscious was she of the way her husband had managed to indulge his pretty wife to such a degree of extravagance. But one wife whispered to another wife, 'Mr. Hartwell has never paid my husband the money he borrowed long before Christmas, and we needed it so much, the children could not have new coats this winter in consequence.' And so one after another spoke as they saw the unconscious Mrs. Hartwell, apparently so happy in the garment she wore, which cost so much more than those of her neighbors. But before the spring came Mr. Hartwell's name appeared under that appalling word, 'Insolvent.' His friends never got the money due them, and his wife bemoaned the fact that her husband had so little business capacity. Before another winter came the garment she had so greatly desired was sold, and some necessary garments, and comforts really needed, were brought.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell were truly sorry for their neighbors' misfortunes, and were lonely without them after they gave up the house where they, too, had spent the early years of their married life, and had gone elsewhere to make a new start.—'Christian at Work.'

Dare to be Singular.

The sombre thing about the world is, not that men are miserable, or that men are mortal, but that the mass of men choose to be foolish and bad, and they do so because it is easiest. The sluggard's motive of saving trouble shapes the lives of most of us. It is easy travelling in the ruts. A cabman will always try to get his wheel on the tram rails. It goes smoothly. We are ever disposed to swallow what everybody round about us declares to be food, even though we, in our inmost hearts, know that it is poison. Tell a man that 10,000 people go to see something, and he is sure to make the 100,001st as soon as he can. Tell him that nobody goes that road, and he will not go it. Jesus Christ comes to us, and says, therein echoing the words and consciences of all true teachers and guides, 'Be suspicious of what most people believe, and avoid what most people do.' The road is traversed by crowds. Well, that is a presumption against it. Dead fish go down the stream, living ones swim the other way. Where you are called to go, go; never mind though you have to go alone. Be sure of this, that no man will be a thorough disciple of Christ's who does not dare to be singular, or is cowed into conformity with the majority. You young men in Manchester offices and warehouses, you men of business in your daily life, we students and scholars, all of us who live in dread of what people will say, let us all take this lesson, and remember that if we are going to be Christ's sort of Christians we must be contented to be in the minority.—Dr. McLaren.

A Sheep Appears as a Witness

An evangelist observes:—'I heard lately of an interesting case of sheep-stealing in the East. The accused and accuser were brought before the judge. In the course of the examination the judge asked, 'Are there no witnesses ?'

'None, my Lord,' said he from whom the sheep had been stolen.

'Is the sheep still alive ?' then inquired the judge.

Being told that it was, he commanded that it should be brought in. When this was done, the supposed thief was asked to retire outside the door and call to the animal, for if it were his it would know his voice, and follow him. He did so, and called the sheep several times, but to no purpose. The sheep did not recognize his voice, and would not obey the call. 'It is certainly not your sheep,' said the judge, and commanded the complainant to go outside and call it. There was no room for doubting that this man was the owner, for at the first sound of his voice, the sheep pricked up its ears and sought its master, and entered the court with him.—Christ Himself has said, 'My sheep hear My voice, and I know them and they follow Me; but a stranger will they not follow, for they know not the voice of a stranger."' (John x., 4, 5.)—Christian 'Herald.'

Patches Not Sufficient.

Ministers and Sunday-school teachers make a sad mistake when they direct their main efforts against particular sins, instead of striking at the source of all sins—a godless, *unconverted heart*. Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good. Many a drunkard, disgusted by his own loathsome vice, has made a solemn resolution to break off his evil habit, but has not gone the whole length of seeking a new heart and the mighty help of God. He has attempted to patch a new habit on an old heart; and even his total abstinence pledge soon tore out, and the rent was made worse. So with all kindred sins of falsehood, lechery, Sabbath-breaking, covetousness and the like. A man may be shamed out of certain public desecrations of God's Day, and yet hide away a Sabbathless heart in his own house. An eloquent appeal may wring a contribution of money out of a stingy soul; but he will lock his purse the tighter the next time and confirm his covetousness. What such a man needs is the melting power of a new affection; if he does not give from a right motive his money may do good, but he is no better for having it coaxed or extorted from him. Barnabas gave his land to the Christian Church at Jerusalem because he had already given his heart to Christ. During my fifty years' ministry I have never seen a sinner patched up so neatly that he looked and acted like a genuine Christian. Christ's method of dealing with human character is the only thorough method. He says: 'Behold, I make all things new.' If any man be in Christ, and Christ in him, he is a new creature. The rotten garment has been discarded, and the complete righteousness of Jesus has been put on, so that the shame of a spiritual nakedness has been covered. How sharply Jesus clove to the root of the matter with Nicodemus! He does not tell the inquiring Pharisee to go home and reform certain bad practices; but he said, 'Ye must be born anew.' Conversion meant a new character. The young ruler was able to show some very bright patches of virtue, and expected to be praised for them; but when the Saviour offered him the entirely new garment that cost self-denial, but would bring eternal life, the poor fellow went away with his old, patched robe, crestfallen and sorrowful. God has ordained the great principle that no pardon of sin and no new nature can be obtained except through an acceptance of Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit. The supreme gift of the Lord Jesus is a new character. The Apostles never wasted their breath on a gospel of patchwork. Their twofold text was 'turn to the Lord,' which meant repentance, and 'cleave to the Lord,' which meant a life of faith and obedience.—Rev. Dr. Cuyler.

From 'only' one word many quarrels begin,
And 'only this once' leads to many a sin;
'Only a penny' wastes many a pound,
'Only once more' and the diver was drowned,
'Only one drop' may drunkards have made,
'Only a play' many gamblers have said,
'Only a cold' opens many a grave,
'Only resist' many evils will save.
—'English paper.'

'Do what, boysie?' What am I to promise?'

'Why, promise to do what I've thought of.'

His sister smiled. 'What have you thought of, dear? Do you want me to make ice-cream, or to tell the boys not to come, or to write your paper? What is it?'

'Yes, that's it. You write—at least, you give us an address on some subject—and we'll call the meeting an 'Open Parliament," because we don't generally allow ladies to speak.'

The last sentence was delivered with a very important air and a wave of the hand which Cyril called 'The S'ciety manners.'

Miss Haldane went on with her crocheting and laughingly asked what subject he had assigned to her.

'Ah, now, Sis,' coaxed Cyril, 'don't dash a fellow's hopes to the ground in that fashion. Say you will—you can talk on any subject you like. You will, won't you? That's a dear. Only—don't make us sing hymns or anything, you know.'

The teabell rang and Cyril, considering the bargain concluded, ran off to wash his hands before joining his father and sister at tea.

That evening seven boys assembled in the cheery sitting room of Cyril Haldane's home. First came the two brothers, Herbert and Phil Nichols, boys with whom Cyril had studied, skated and run races 'for years and years,' as they would have agreed. Herbert had finished the High School last year and was now assistant book-keeper in a large wholesale store. He was slightly older than the other boys, but he was Cyril's 'particular chum,' and president of the S'ciety besides.

They had scarcely taken off their coats and been shown into the sitting-room when the bell rang again and Harry Hilton and Jim Walters entered. Harry was the youngest member of the Society, and Jim the treasurer. Jim was proud of his position though it was rather a sinecure, as the moment any dues were paid in they were promptly voted away by the society.

These sat down and chatted for some minutes, about the skating, about the snow, about the last Henty Book which the S'ciety had bought and had just finished reading.

Herbert Nichols cast an anxious glance toward the door. 'We cannot begin the meeting without our scribe,' he said. Allan Ireland, the secretary of the society, was always late and Arthur Paterson who always called for and went with Allan, was naturally late, too. They now appeared and sat down in bashful silence, as Herbert remarked sternly—'Late, as usual, Mr. Secretary.' Then, rapping on the table with a long pencil—'The S'ciety will please come to order.' The members of the S'ciety sat up straight and stiff and answered solemnly to their names as the roll was called.

The president consulted a small memorandum took, and at the end of the roll-call announced: 'The "S'ciety Weekly," will now be read.'

The 'S'ciety Weekly' was a type-written sheet to which each of the members of the S'ciety contributed an opinion each week. The seven opinions were of different lengths. Phil. Nichols claimed 'six lines at the least.' Harry Hilton generally gave a very short opinion as he wished it all to be alliterative. Cyril gave jocular opinions and generally had to add several lines to 'explain the point.' Allan Ireland said that he had 'thinking enough to do, what with getting out a report of every meeting,' so he sent in a quotation from one of his favorite authors. Herbert, whose forte was brevity, never took more than half a line, while Jimmie Walters with his 'financial statements,' contrived to fill in what lines were left.

When the 'Weekly' had been read, Herbert again consulted his memorandum. 'We are to hear this evening from our famous member, Mr. Haldane, a paper of "Good Citizenship."'

Cyril blushed furiously. 'I don't know, Mr. President, whether you will call me famous or not when you hear that I totally forgot all about writing that paper, until near six o'clock this evening—.'

The president frowned, the members groaned.

Cyril went on—'You see, the fact is, I have a pleasant surprise for you, in fact—my sister has promised to give us an address this evening, which I am sure will more than make up for my deficiency.'

The president's brow cleared, the whole society clapped, and clapped louder still as Cyril went out to bring in his sister.

Miss Haldane bowed her acknowledgment. She was pretty well acquainted with the boys as individuals but she had never before spoken to them as a society.

'Mr. President, gentlemen of the Society,' she began, 'It is a great pleasure to me and I feel it a great privilege to address you this evening. I feel that the subject to which I am about to call your attention is one of the most important which could be brought before you as a Society or as individuals. Though you may not hitherto have felt any great interest in this subject, and may not at present feel any obligations, still, feeling as I do that it is one of the most important themes of the age, I think it wise to bring before you some thought of one of the greatest needs of the age—I speak of the need of Foreign Missions.'

Miss Haldane paused a moment, she had kept her hearers on the qui vive up to the present moment, she had heard a short sigh when she mentioned the word 'missions,' but the boys kept their eyes fastened on her, and with a swift prayer for utterance she went on with her remarks:

'You have all read "The Lady of the Lake," and probably remember as I do with vividness the legend of the Fairy Cross. I wonder if it would seem irreverent to say that God has sent forth the Fiery Cross. When our Lord ascended He left the message of the Cross with His disciples, but not till they had received the baptism of fire were they to go forth to proclaim His message to the uttermost ends of the earth. They obeyed Him, they carried the message to Judea and Samaria. As the years went on those to whom they had given the message took up the cross and went on to tell others. They carried the message to Rome, to Athens, to Spain. At least some one came over and told the glad message of the Cross to our forefathers in Britain. Before that time our forefathers were heathen, worshipping the sun and offering human sacrifices in the most cruel and revolting manner.

'They sent the message of the Cross all over Europe and wherever the people accepted it there came to pass the most remarkable transformations—transformations of lives, transformations of character, transformations of government and general estate. But people seem not to have grasped the whole of the message, for they settled down to enjoy the comforts and joys which the new way of Life brought to them, without a thought of their duties to the regions beyond where the heathen still practise the most barbarous cruelties in their religious rites. Our forefathers were heathen, but some one brought to them the message of the Cross, and we now have happy Christian homes while the people to whose forefathers we should have sent the Gospel are still in the darkness of paganism!

'The Fiery Cross has been laid down in our land, who, then, is willing to take it up and speed over mountain and moor and fen with the message? For this Cross is not a "cross of strife," but a message of peace and love from the Almighty Father to the least and remotest of the children of men.

'Doubtless you have all heard something of the cruelties to women and children in heathen lands, but it all seems so far away to you that you cannot really imagine what it would be like to be there. You cannot put yourself in the place of the little Hindu boy brought up to despise his own mother. You cannot imagine such a horrible thing as that your little sister should be taken from home before she is ten to be a little drudge and slave in the house of her mother-in-law. You would boil with rage and horror to think of any one putting your little baby sister out in the cold, some place where the wild beasts could get her, or where she would be drowned. Yet the Chinese mother herself casts away her little baby girl because she knows not the love of Jesus, and knows not the worth and preciousness of one human soul in His sight.

'You cannot put yourself in the place of an African lad, just reaching the promise of manhood, with all the prospects of life before you, suddenly accused of witchcraft and compelled to drink the bowl of poison which ends surely in death.'

The speaker paused, her eyes were bright with unshed tears. The ardent faces of the lads showed that if they had never considered these facts much before, they now began to see in them a reality. The earnest tones of the speaker had brought an answering thrill of earnestness to these young hearts, the heroic element which lies dormant in many hearts till roused by such burning words was awakening now within these lads.

Miss Haldane knew not how to stop—yet how proceed?—

'Can you even imagine yourself in the position of an Armenian lad? Brought up somewhat as you have been in the Christian homes of Canada, can you imagine what it would mean to you if to-morrow the edict should go forth—"Every Christian in Montreal to be instantly slain." If there were provided some way of escaping this massacre by permanently giving up all hope of Christ, or even by appearing to accept some horrible travesty of religion—what would it mean to you? Would you hold to the Cross of Christ though it meant not only your own death but the death or torture of your dearest ones? Would we be as true to Christ as the poor tortured Armenians have been. If the message of the Cross had been carried to all the world, would these things be?'

Miss Haldane's voice choked slightly and she abruptly left the room. Utter silence reigned for some moments. The S'ciety had received some new thoughts. When little Walter said, 'Let's sing "From Greenland's icy mountains," and Herbert responded with a deep-voiced 'Amen,' even Cyril sang the dear old words with a hearty good will. And when Miss Haldane came in half an hour later with a tray of steaming coffee cups she found the S'ciety discussing ways and means of helping to send on the message of the cross, and making plans for obtaining more information concerning those who had already gone forth into the dark places of the earth.

'I suppose there must be some books that we ought to read about missions, but they are all so dull,' sighed Phil.

Miss Haldane left the room and returned in a moment with a book and a cake basket.

'I will take great pleasure in presenting

to the society a copy of the life of John G. Paton and I will guarantee that you will find it quite as fascinating and entrancing as any Henty book or any other kind that you have read. Then, there is Livingstone's life, and Moffat's and Bishop Taylor's biography and—but I must not tell you too many at once. Here is the "Life of Paton,"'

Miss Haldane laid upon the table a large, well-bound volume, with, as Harry immediately discovered, 'lots of pictures in it.'

'Oh, Miss Haldane, I am sure it's awfully good of you. The S'ciety is very grateful and returns thanks with—with—.'

Herbert paused for a second for a suitable word to express the feeling of the S'ciety.

'With effusion'—put in Phil.

'With heartfelt gratitude'—Herbert frowned slightly at the interrupter.

'I am sure we are very much obliged for your address this evening. I think that we see a few things in a new light, and the S'ciety tenders a hearty vote of thanks.' He ended abruptly.

'I vote we give all the money in the S'ciety treasury to the Armenian fund at once,' said Cyril.

'None in it,' returned Jim, the treasurer.

'Well, fellows, pass round the hat. There ought to be something for those poor Armenians.'

'I think a fellow ought to give every cent he had in thankfulness for not being treated like those fellows are, all because they are Christians,' this from Phil.

The hat was passed, and the treasurer announced the results as 'one dollar and ninety-seven cents, ought to be made up to two dollars.'

'I put in my last copper,' muttered Phil.

'So did I,' remarked Harry and Allan at once.

Cyril put his hand in his pocket and brought out a five cent piece. This he handed to Jim, who promptly returned two cents, saying that he liked to 'have things even.'

* * * * *

A year has passed. The S'ciety is again assembled at the home of Cyril Haldane. The meeting is conducted a good deal on the old principles. The members answer to the roll call, and then the 'Weekly' is read. The 'Weekly' is now named 'Missionless Millions,' at the suggestion of Harry Hilton who retains his fondness for alliteration, although he says that his stock of m's and h's is nearly worn out, so often has he dealt with the 'misused millions,' 'hard-hearted heathen' and so on. One day he had sent in the following 'opinion' to the 'Weekly'—'I intend intinerating'—this was easily understood by the S'ciety to mean that Harry Hilton had given his life to become one of those who should go forth as a 'messenger of the Cross' to far Cathay.'

The S'ciety has now quite a missionary library. Since that first volume, 'The life of John G. Paton,' whose thrilling and perilous adventures on the Island of Aniwa and hair-breadth escapes from the natives of that island had been read and re-read by the members of the S'ciety—many other volumes had been added. Some had been purchased by the S'ciety, others had been donated by friends and relatives of the members. On his last birthday Harry Hilton had been delighted by the gift from his father of a beautiful book on 'Chinese Characteristics,' and his mother, seeing that his heart was turned to that part of the globe, had given him 'A Corner of Cathay.'

A great joy had come to Miss Haldane's heart when one day Cyril, after sitting for some time staring into the fire, had suddenly turned round and come over to his favorite position on the arm of her chair. 'I'm going to do it, Sis,' he said.

'What, darling?'

'Well, you know, I always knew you were praying that I might become a missionary but I was perfectly determined not to. I have always meant to be a doctor and though I knew that doctors were needed abroad, I didn't intend to go in for the hardships of life in a foreign country—but since reading all those books, you know, and seeing the terrible need of the heathen, I have about come to the conclusion that a medical missionary is one of the grandest things a fellow could be.'

'Thank God,' murmured Miss Haldane.

'And, Sis—did you know that Herbert had an offer from his firm to go down to South America—somewhere in Venezuela, I think? They want him to take charge of their branch store there. He says he never would have dreamed of going—leaving home and all that—if he had not read that book on "The neglected continent," that told how any person could work for Christ there by just living a true Christian life while at their business. He wants me to promise to go later to be with him, but my heart is set on Africa. You know I always felt some way that I belonged there, I don't know why, but that's where I intend to go.'

Miss Haldane felt that her cup was running over, such joy filled her heart. When the S'ciety begged her to favor them with an address that evening, all she could say was, 'Let us pray,' and altogether they thanked God for calling and setting apart for His service, these three bright young lives.

Spare Moments.

A boy, poorly dressed, came to the door of the principal of a celebrated school one morning and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen.

'I should like to see Mr.——,' he said.

'You want a breakfast, more like.'

'Can I see Mr. ——?' asked the boy.

'Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must.'

So she bid him follow. After talking a while the principal put aside the volume that he was studying and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer. Every question he asked, the boy answered readily.

'Upon my word!' exclaimed the principal, 'you do well. Where did you pick up so much?'

'In my spare moments,' answered the boy.—

He was a hard-working lad, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments. A few years later he became known all the world over as the celebrated geologist, Hugh Miller. What account can you give of your spare moments?—'My Paper.'

God Uses Little Things.

A nut once saved the life of a German count. A plot had been laid to murder him, and the murderer lay hid in his castle through the day. Before going to bed he drew some things from his pocket, and a nut fell on the floor, which he did not notice. That night the murderer entered the bedroom, but stepped on the nut, which in breaking cracked loud enough to waken the count, and the murderer fled.

Who would say that all this was by mere accident? In God's providence the man might have stepped just beside the nut, or the count have picked it up, or he might not have let it fall, or one of a dozen other things might have been; but we know what was, and this was not by chance. All things are in God's hands.—'Rays of Light.'

The Cradle Roll.

(By Miss Anna Burnham.)

'He's a little hindering sing—and that's what he is!' said Dorothy, shaking him by his rosy feet, from which the pretty socks had been kicked to the foot of the cradle. 'If only I hadn't to take care of—'

'That sounds dreadful, Dorothy,' said her mother, hastily; and the lady with the subscription-book suddenly stooped over the cradle and splashed a big tear on the little pink 'pig that went to market.'

'Oh,' said Dorothy, looking up at the black bonnet and dress, and remembering why she had time to be a lady with a subscription-book, 'I didn't mean—you know—why, I only meant if 'twasn't for taking care of Carl for mamma now, I'd resurrect our young ladies' auxiliary, and raise you lots of money for your missions. But I don't see what I can do now. Mamma can't spare me, and baby won't.'

'N-n-no-o-o!' gurgled the baby, laughing, and kicking, and clutching at Dorothy's frizzes. He wasn't sensitive as to what she meant, and he didn't care a-button for missions, home or foreign.

'O you little pagan!' cried Dorothy, getting out of his way. 'I'll get up a Baby Auxiliary, and put you in charter member.'

'Do,' said the visitor, sparkling at the idea. 'Call it the Cradle Roll, and get every baby under five years of age that will give five cents or five hundred dollars, or any amount between!'

'Mamma, where's that child's money-bank?' cried Dorothy, excitedly. 'And how much will you give, Carl? How much can he, mamma?'

'Why, I don't know,' said her mother, hesitating. 'Count it!'

'Seven dollars and sixty-two cents,' announced Dorothy, turning it all out in the foot of the cradle. 'Uncle Luke's five-dollar gold piece, and the rest in dimes and nickels, and Canada quarters. Won't 'oo give the lady some, Carl?—for the good of the cause?'

Carl's lip quivered at this pathetic appeal. He put up his mouth for a kiss, first to Dorothy, and then to the lady, and proffered his gold and silver pieces for a peace-offering.

'Five dollars!' cried Dorothy, as he gave the little gold piece generously. 'Carl contributes five dollars, mamma, for his share!'

'O Mrs. Ballard, I mustn't take it! said the visitor, shrinking back.

'Can't she, mamma?' said Dorothy, impulsively. 'Let Carl head the list handsomely, and give it a good send-off! Can't Carl give his five dollars?'

'I think he may!' said her mother, slowly. 'It's a good deal for us, I know, and yet—I want my Carl to grow up and preach the Gospel, and this seems a sort of prophecy of it. Then if he shouldn't ever—live to—yes, he may give it, child!'

'Then you shall take charge of it yourself!' said the lady, handing it back to Dorothy. 'You shall have all the labor of increasing it,—you and Carl,—and all the glory. I will go now and see what I can do with grown folks; but I am very much of the opinion that you and Carl will do more for the 'Branch' this year than I shall!'

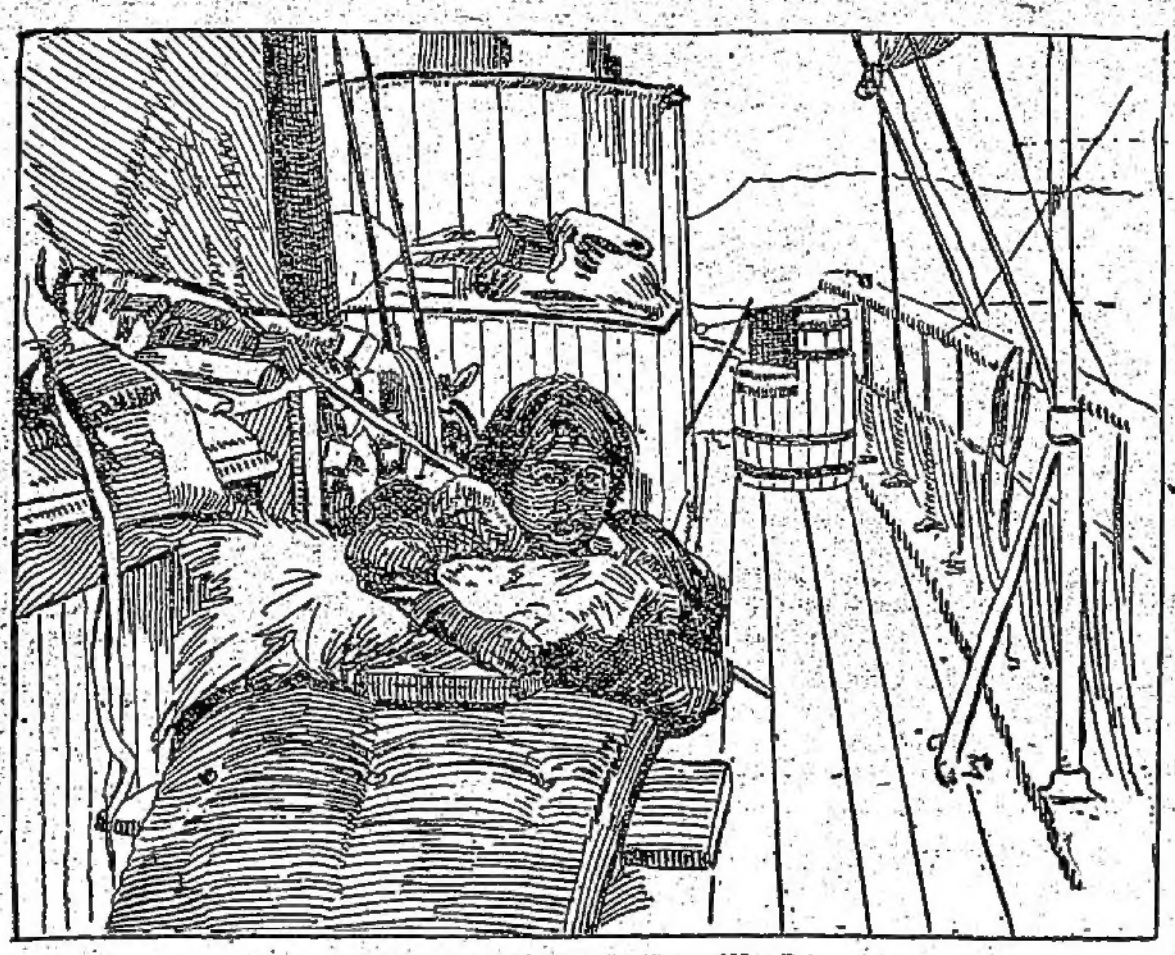
'Why, how, I should like to know?' said Dorothy, coming back from the hall door with a bewildered face. 'There's Carl's, but how am I to get any more? I thought she

Boys and Girls.

How we Found 'Prince Pomiuk.'

(By Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.D., in 'The Westminster.')

In August, 1895, in our little mission steamer, called the 'Sir Donald,' we ventured as far north as Ramah Bay, on the coast of Labrador. Only one of my crew had ever been so far north before. The facts that the charts of the coast dated back to the famous Captain Cook gave us little confidence in them, and made us proceed with the utmost caution, until just at sundown we descried, at the foot of the tremendous precipices forming the sides of that narrow gorge, a tiny house. Hardly were our anchors down, and the vessel swinging to them, before there darted out, apparently from nowhere, numbers of wonderful little skin boats called kajaks. In each was a shaggy, black-haired Eskimo hunter, his merry flat face agape with wonder. 'Aukshenai, Aukshenai,' they cried, that is 'welcome.' 'Auk-shu-seai,' we replied, 'welcome to you all.' Soon our jolly-boat was lowered, and, with a merry, shouting escort, darting in every direction like flying fish, we pulled ashore.



PRINCE POMIUK ON THE 'SIR DONALD.'

Our keel had hardly touched the beach before the brave Moravian brother who was living in that terribly lonely place, far from all the blessings of civilization, was warmly greeting us; now almost aghast at seeing a steamer and a civilized white man, as if dropped from the clouds. 'Welcome! Right welcome! come up to my house,' he said; and before he even satisfied his excited curiosity as to who we might be, Brother Stecker had set before us a steaming bowl of coffee. When I told him 'It is the hospital steamer of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen,' you should have seen his face. 'Well, is that possible?' he exclaimed. 'Our Eskimo have heard that you were at our stations of Nain and Okkak. Oh, you must come and see Tuglavina, who is ill, and Heinrich, who has broken his leg. How good is God that He moves the hearts of his children to send help to our far-off Eskimo.'

Off, then, we went at once, and soon stopped opposite a hole in the sand piled up just there against the faces of the hills, which rise sheer up to 3,000 feet and more, and here only in the inlet is there any space to land. Large slabs of slate prevented the sand from falling in. You see there is no wood so far north, and until the missionaries brought a little down the people had to make the frames of their kajaks out of bones of whales and walruses. Such a queer little woman was sitting at the entrance of this burrow. A baby peeped out from the hood over her shoulders, and she was wearing sealskin trousers and boots like all the Eskimo ladies wear. 'That is Aniuktama. Her husband was murdered in the high mountains north of this last fall,' said Brother Stecker. 'He was the Attanek (or chief) of the Eskimo. Their boy, little Prince Pomiuk, was at the World's Fair in Chicago. He is far away north somewhere, hunting.'

Stooping very low, we crept along and found ourselves in a large hole cut out of the ground. It was partially lighted by a window in the roof, made of the dried and stretched bowel of the seal. There was also a wonderful lamp burning, which gave a little heat, and over which some codfish were stewing in seal fat, while all-around hung bladders and skins full of blubber for future use. The bowl of the lamp was a flat stone, scooped out on the top. In it was a large lump of the blubber, and around the edge was dry moss, squeezed flat by crevisses of the rocks, in which it had grown. The moss was dipped in oil and lighted, the size of the flame being regulated by putting the lump of fat nearer to or further from the burning moss.

I must not stop now to talk of poor Heinrich. He had been driving his dogs along the edge of the precipice as he came home with deer meat for his family. The komatik or sleigh had slipped over the edge, and, while bravely striving to save his dogs, the snow gave way, and all of them were hurled together into the abyss below. His comrade went round and pulled them out of the deep snow. The dogs were all right, but Heinrich's thigh was broken, and it was necessary to tie him on the komatik and drag him home. He was a great hunter. No one killed so many seals and walruses as he did with his ivory-headed harpoon.

Soon it was time for us to leave again. Said Brother Stecker, 'If you go round that high cape to the north, called Naksarektok, you will find the entrance to a narrow inlet. Travel some twenty miles up that, and you will find a little house. There lives an agent of the great Hudson Bay Company, who buys furs from the heathen Eskimo living near Cape Chidley.'

The fog hung heavy on the hilltops, and foaming breakers thundering with resistless force over hidden reefs, came in view as we rounded the frowning headland. How they roared as we passed, and seemed to be spitting out their spite at our little vessel, as they flung great clouds of spray high in the air in their impotent rage at being unable to reach and swallow us up. On and on we went, till we came to a dark black gap in the cliffs. Perpendicular precipices stood on each side, disappearing above into a roof of blackest sea-fog. Our lead found no bottom in the fathomless depths below. It looked like the entrance to some grim ogre's cavern. Could this be the narrow opening we had heard of? None of us knew. We could but try.

'Hard a starboard!' to the helmsman, 'Dead slow ahead!' to the engine room, and in we go. Darker and yet darker it grew. The cold wet roof of fog, caught between the opposing walls of rocks, came lower and yet lower as we went further in. The roar of the surf on the rocks echoed louder and yet louder. Suddenly a faint glimmer of light—a little more—and then we found ourselves in the daylight again, in a narrow fiord winding away amongst endless naked cliffs, while looking back we could see an apparently impenetrable wall, forming a gate to this marvellous cleft in the mountains. On, on, and on we went. It seemed as if we must be wrong after all. And it was after night had fallen before the twinkle of a light suddenly greeted the anxious eye of the watch on deck. 'Light on the starboard bow, sir,' he shouted. 'All right. Stop her. Try the lead.' 'No bottom in thirty fathoms, sir!' 'Good. Half speed. Put her for the light.'

What a time it took to reach that light! At last, in answer to our steam whistle, we heard three rifle shots echoing away among the cliffs. Then a second light moving. Soon a plash of oars, and then a boat is alongside. A hearty Englishman leaps over the rail and cries out, 'Why, what ship is this? Where on earth are you from and how did you get here?' Explanations quickly followed. We found our visitor was Mr. George Ford, the Hudson Bay Company's agent, so well known in that part of Labrador for the wonderful mail he and his dogs carry in the depths of every winter. A really hearty gathering in his house ashore for praise to God for all His mercies closed the evening, but before we left he told us that the Eskimo were all away hunting, with the exception of one Kupah, whose tubik (or reindeer skin tent was further up the bay, where he and his family were trouting.

'They have a dying boy there, also,' he added, though it is not their own child.'

'Good-night. We won't fail to search for them in the morning.'

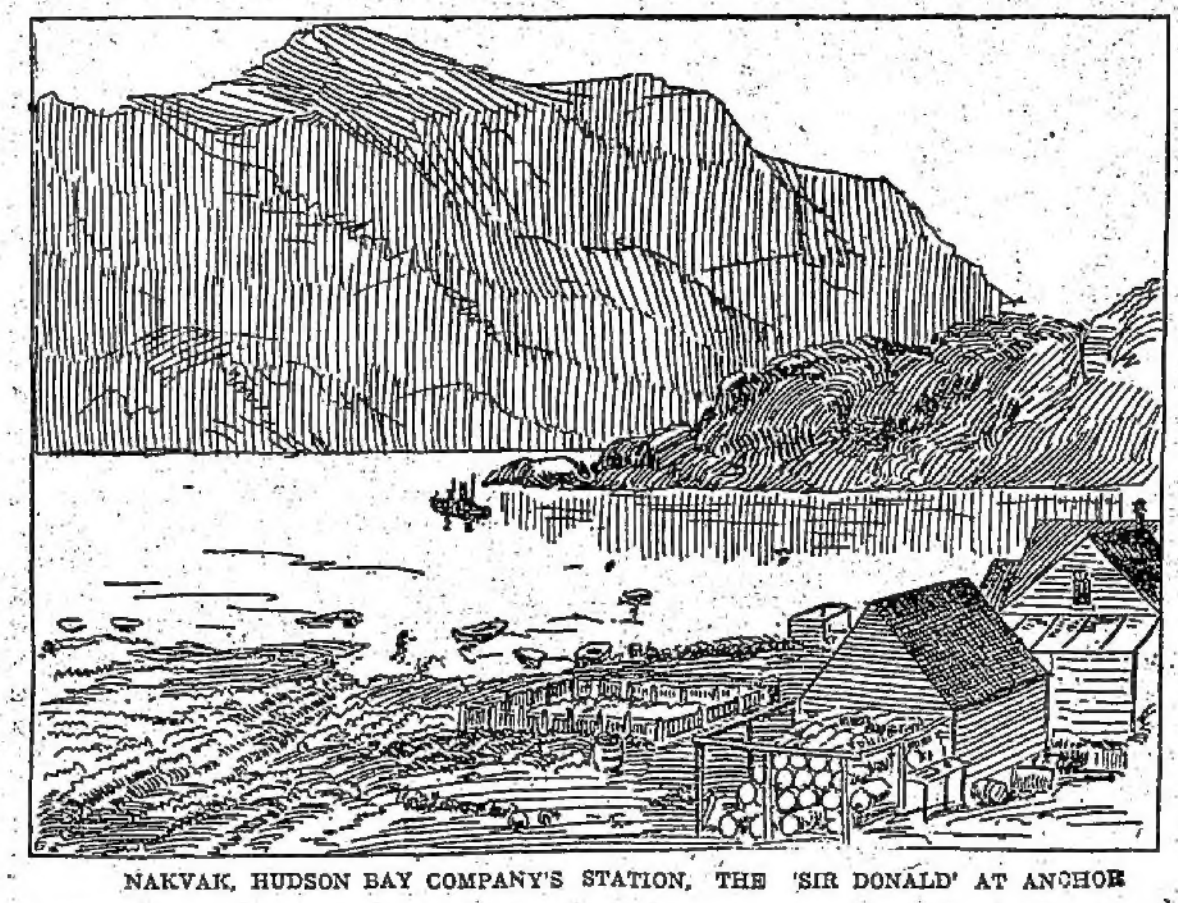
At daylight, the little jolly-boat was ready once more, and soon, after a sharp pull, we were searching with our glasses the edges of the inlet from a high promontory jutting out into the bay. Small as the tubik was, we made it out, pitched on the bare rounded stones close to the mouth of a torrent rushing from the hills. What a speck it looked! Off again at once, and soon we have drawn aside the flag which forms the door, and, peering in, see sitting on skins spread over the raised heap at the end an Eskimo woman with two little girls, while on the cold ground lay a naked boy of about eleven years, an old reindeer skin thrown over him, his long jet-black hair cut, the way they al-

ways do, in a fringe across his forehead, and his face drawn with pain and neglect. It was Pomiuk. Poor little fellow! His thigh was broken, and diseased as well. What could we do in our short visit to a place so far from anywhere? Only one thing: take him away with us. Could that be done?

Mr. Ford told them that we were medicine men, and wished to make the boy well. He was not their boy. He could be of no use to them now, because he could not hunt. Would they give the boy to us?

'Ajauñamat,' said Kupah, shrugging his shoulders; which meant we could do as we liked.

So we improvised a stretcher and at once carried him to Mr. Ford's house. Here under chloroform, to ease him of his pain, we washed the poor child, cleansed and dressed his wound—and having left behind his only



NAKVAK, HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S STATION, THE 'SIR DONALD' AT ANCHOR

covering, the dirty old reindeer skin, we put on him some clean linen and carried him to the 'Sir Donald.' Here we laid him in the cabin on the skin of a polar bear, and, indeed, there were no beds aboard.

But I must not forget one possession he had. It was the only thing in the world he possessed—a letter from a gentleman in Boston named Mr. Martin, who had seen Pomiuk at the World's Fair, and had tried to tell him of his Saviour. The letter had, after long journeyings, reached this port in the company's vessel, 'Erik,' on her voyage to Hudson's Bay, and was lying there till Kupah should come with his catch of trout and salmon. Now the letter was handed to me; so we opened it and Mr. Ford in Eskimo told Pomiuk what it said. Already it was getting time for the 'Sir Donald' to be off once more. Oh, how sorry they were to say good-bye, so seldom does anyone visit their lonely station. But away we must go, as we might perhaps never be able to get south after the equinoctial gales should once set in and rouse the fury of the gigantic waves of the Atlantic.

But what are we to do for food? Pomiuk couldn't eat our 'kablenak' (i.e., European) food. He kept asking for 'ivik' (walrus) and 'ekkoulak' (trout); so we laid in a stock of both of these, just as they eat them, raw and dried in the sun. 'Eskimo' means 'raw meat eater.'

Kupah from his kajak waved us good-bye. Soon he would be far out on the edge of the frozen sea hunting for walruses and seals. Watching hour after hour by the 'blow-hole' till a seal puts up its head, when 'whir-r-r, and his sharp spear would fly true and straight. Or, creeping along in his kajak to the edge of an ice-pan, on which a lazy walrus is sleeping. Splash! splash! and away goes the monster, but not before Kupah has fixed into it his stout harpoon. Now all is quiet, but Kupah is watching like a cat. Suddenly there appears a great round thing on the surface of the sea a hundred yards, it may be, or more away, and like an arrow from a bow Kupah is after it. It is the seal-skin filled with air, which is fast to his harpoon. Now he steadies himself for another shot. Up comes the huge walrus, it catches sight of its enemy, and, raising itself high out of the water, rushes with its huge fierce tusks on Kupah. Quick as lightning he darts aside, seizes his long lance, and buries it in the walrus's heart. But the infuriated beast is not dead, and coming on the frail kajak tears it to pieces. Kupah is out of the sinking boat in a moment, holding to his paddle for support in the icy waves. In the confusion of blood and foam the walrus misses its enemy, and floats close beside him, frantically kicking in its death struggle. But hark! A cheering shout gives courage to the drowning Kupah. A second kajak darts to his rescue. It is Kalleligak, his good friend. He soon drags Kupah into the back of his little boat, and seeing the walrus safe, they speed to the ice edge to get help to tow it home. And now on the way back, every man must confess all his wicked deeds to the others. Each man must forgive all the wrongs any of the others may have done to him before they reach the shore, else they will never get another walrus. Then a spear is driven firmly into the ice. Ropes of walrus hide are made fast to their victim, and all the little men, laughing and chattering over their good fortune, keep shortening the ropes round the spear until the walrus lies out of water on the ice floe. Then they must give it at once a drink of water in order that its spirit may not be offended, and in order that plenty more walruses may come along. Then its head must be carefully split in two, and one tusk taken away from the other, so that the next walrus they kill may not be able to hurt their kajaks. You see how many superstitions they have.

But all this while poor Pomiuk would have been lying cold and neglected on the icy floor of the floating snow house, to die or get well as best he could, had it not been for our visit. Are you not glad he was on the bear skin in the cabin of the 'Sir Donald,' sailing away to the south again, where a neat little hospital is built on an island, and a kind nurse from England was ready to take care of this little outcast?

And now I must leave Prince Pomiuk, for there he is still. Mr. Martin, who had written the letter to Nakvak, and some of his boy and girl friends help to raise enough money to keep him where he can be kindly treated, and well fed, and warmly clothed; for I am sorry to say the disease has not been stopped, and never again will he wander over the ice, hunting the deer and bears and seals. Too late was he found by the mission steamer, and now he is a cripple for life. Are you not sorry for him? But I am glad to tell you that he has become a Christian boy. He knows and loves his Saviour, and has been baptized with a Christian name, so that he is known now as 'Gabriel.' How I would like you to peep in on him as he lies there playing and singing his favorite hymn:

Takpanêle, takpanêle,	Up in heaven! up in heaven!
Merngotowikangilak,	There will be no sorrow there,
Siorniorvikarane.	There will be no parting there
Takpanêle, Takpanêle,	Up in heaven! up in heaven!
Pillorikpagut illa	We shall all be happy there
Soraiuta.	For evermore.

[For the 'Messenger.'

The *S*'ciety.

(By Margaret Joy.)

'Say, Sis, the S'ciety meets here to-night.'

Miss Haldane looked up from her writing as her brother Cyril made this announcement.

'The S'ciety, dear?' Her mind was with the far-off friend to whom she had been writing for the last half hour, while Cyril sat reading his well-thumbed volume of the 'Boys' Own.' 'The S'ciety?' she repeated wonderingly. Then she remembered—'Oh, yes, you mean your Debating Club, don't you?'

'Yes, but we call it "The S'ciety" now, and we're to hold the fourth duo-decim-annual meeting this evening. And, oh, say—I was to write a paper on being a citizen or something, and I had forgotten all about it! Say, Sis, what ever shall I do? It's near tea time now and I haven't a thought in my head!' The boy drummed on the table with his fingers and gazed expectantly in the face of his sister. He generally found help and comfort in those soft grey eyes, and 'sister' had helped to solve a great many problems for him since that sad day now six years ago when their mother had been suddenly called home to the land where all is bright and sunny for the glory of God makes it bright, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

Miss Haldane smiled at Cyril's perplexed countenance, 'I have a book on "Good Citizenship" out of which you might get a few hints.'

'Wouldn't do, the papers all have to be original, and I would not have time to write one even if I knew what to put in it. No,' he sighed, 'can't possibly do it.'

Miss Haldane took up her crochet work, 'she could always think best when she was working,' she often declared. And Cyril, sure of some light on the subject, sat now on the arm of her chair with his arm round her neck and his curly head close to hers, 'helping to think it through.'

They sat thus for several minutes while the little kettle in the next room sang its cheerful song and the cat purred on the hearth. Presently Cyril sprang up, and, executing a kind of war dance in the middle of the room, cried out—'I've thought it through first this time, Sis, promise you'll do it.'

side and came running towards her lowly friend.

But suddenly Sandy became horror-struck! This was the cause:—

A large carriage and pair of horses—which were evidently running away, their driver having completely lost control over them—were dashing at a terrific rate along the opposite road, and would reach the middle of the crossing at the same time as Muriel!

Sandy shouted to the child to stop, but his voice was weak with fear.

Then, without a moment's thought for himself, he rushed along his crossing, meeting Muriel half way. He felt the hot breath of the furious horses upon his face, as he gave the child a rough push backwards; and then all was darkness to him, until he should awaken to the brilliant light of Heaven, and look upon the dazzling faces of the real angels.

* * * * *

In a quiet little churchyard there is a small grave with a white cross at its head.

Little Muriel often visits this grave, and every time she comes she brings flowers and a wreath of laurel leaves, for, as she says, a brave hero lies beneath.

There is only one word written on the cross—a word beloved by little Muriel, the first she ever learned to spell. The word written upon the cross is 'Sandy.—'Children's Friend.'

Louie's Dreaming.

'What are you dreaming about now, child?'

Aunt Marcia put down her work and looked over at Louie with a half-vexed look on her kind, sensible old face. She couldn't bear to have little girls get silly, moody fits and dream and dawdle their time away, she said. And to her eyes, at that moment, it was just what Louie was doing.

'I was thinking, auntie!' said Louie slowly. 'But you would only laugh!'

'No, I wouldn't,' promised auntie. 'Or if I did, it would only be for your good. Some things ought to be laughed at. But tell me.'

'Well, I was thinking,' said Louie again, with a little red flush in her cheeks, 'what a nice girl I might be now, I'm getting well, and a kind of a little "angel in the house," as the book said that I was reading yesterday.'

'If you'd forget Louie Gray and all that belonged to her, you might,' said Aunt Marcia, nodding.

'Yes, I know I'm selfish,' confessed Louie quietly. 'But I'd like to try not to be. Seems as if I had a kind of a—a picture, you know—of two ways of living, and I could do one or the other, just as I had a mind to.'

'Everybody has such a vision

as that some time or other,' said Aunt Marcia. 'The great thing is to choose right and stick to it. Be like Paul, who said he "was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."'—'Little Pilgrim.'

Little Millionaires.

Dear children, did you ever ask yourselves such a question as this: What is the meaning of those words of Jesus, 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He has anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor.' Well, I think they mean, there is something grand and most valuable in the Gospel. It is called treasure. And Jesus came to give this, the best of all treasures, to the poor in circumstances.

When Jesus was offering the Gospel to the Laodiceans, He called it 'Gold,' 'Gold tried in the fire.' Now, we all know something of the value of gold. How much good can be done by those who possess wealth, when with a liberal hand they give to the poor, or to support the cause of Christ, and extend His kingdom. We have heard of men who were so rich that they could not tell what they were worth, until they reckoned up their wealth. Now, when we hear of this, we may be tempted to covetousness, if we do not watch and pray against it. We might begin to reason in this way: God has given much to millionnaires, and all the great people we see riding in their carriages, but He has given very little to me. Stop and think, dear children, have you ever reckoned up the many valuable things you possess. Suppose I could gather all my little readers together and say to you, 'Now, I have a large sum of money, and I know you have many valuable things God has given you. Will you sell them to me?' I will tell you how a friend of mine, a few weeks ago, called the attention of a large audience of children, to consider how great was their wealth in precious things.

(1). He said, 'I see you have all got a pair of bright eyes. How much would you take for them? Would you take one thousand dollars?' 'No, sir,' was the ready response.

(2). 'Then there are your two ears, how much would you take for them? Two thousand dollars?' 'No, sir.'

(3). 'Then there is your tongue, your mind, your soul. Suppose you were offered one million dollars for all those precious gifts God has given you, would you take it?' 'No, sir, not even a million dollars.'

'Well, then,' the minister said, 'You see you are all little millionnaires. And you are right in wishing to keep what God has given you, and may you all live long to use such precious gifts for His glory.' 'For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' (Matthew xvi, 26.)

'O, who can weigh a precious soul;
For here on earth no weight can be
That could avail, God only knows,
Its value in eternity.'—Reuben.
—'Sunday Hour.'

Littles.

Do thou the little that thou canst,
And do it well;
It shall upon the future life
Of ages tell.

A bird walked on the soft wet clay
In days of old;
The hardened stones unto this day
The traces hold.

A fern lived out its little life
Unseen, unguessed;
To-day upon the block of coal
Its form is pressed.

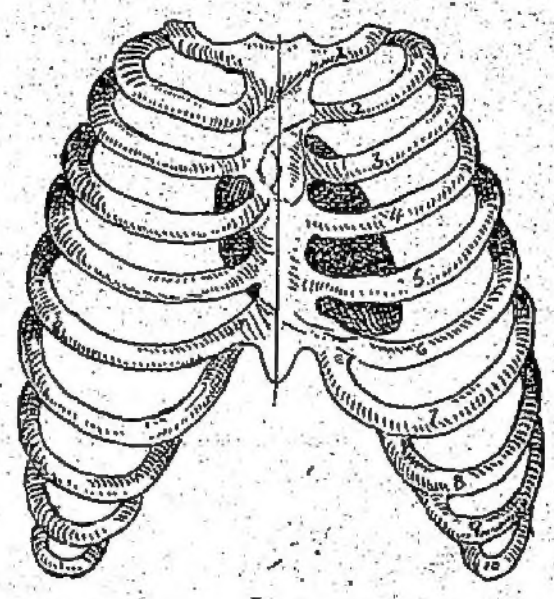
No loving word shall e'er be lost,
No deed undone;
Treasures of heaven a faithful God
Counts every one.
—'Children's Treasury.'

Temperance Catechism.

LESSON X.

1. Q.—Why do men think that a glass of anything containing alcohol will help them to work?

A.—Because they feel stronger for the time, but the alcohol really weakens the control of the muscles.



2. Q.—What is the most important involuntary muscle?

A.—The heart.

3. Q.—What shape is the heart?

A.—The heart is shaped something like a pear with the large end up.

4. Q.—Where is the heart situated?

A.—It is situated in the chest with the lungs between the third and sixth ribs.

5. Q.—Is it on the *left* side of the body?

A.—If we draw a line down the middle of the breast-bone the heart will extend about three inches to the left of the line and an inch and a half to the right.

6. Q.—How is the heart divided?

A.—The heart is divided lengthwise into two parts by a firm wall. These parts are again divided crosswise.

7. Q.—Give a Bible Proverb about the heart?

A.—'Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.'

A Liquor-Trade Fallacy.

By Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, D.D.,

Superintendent of the Reform Bureau, Washington, D.C.

A persistent fallacy which should be hunted to death, because it is itself dragging so many to death, is the idea that it is chiefly because liquors 'are 'adulterated' that they are harmful. On my speaking to the eminent Dr. January, of New York city, of the adulteration of intoxicants, he answered swiftly, and intensely, 'The worst thing ever put in drink is the alcohol.' That is the verdict of science, known to every schoolboy in these days of scientific temperance, but the chief legislators of France and the United States have both, in recent legislation, put government endorsement on the antiquated ignorance that deems the adulteration rather than the alcohol responsible for the wrecks wrought by drink. The French legislators, after months of discussion, have solemnly proclaimed that 'alcoholism is due to the effect on the system of impure alcohols,' 'not to wine and beer, unless these are adulterated,' etc.

It is not fusel oil that fuddles and intoxicates, nor is it cocculus indicus or any other of the motley crew sure to hide wherever alcohol makes his rendez-vous. These may injure the man who drinks, but they do not madden him and so drive him to injure others. Every school-boy knows that it is the alcohol that makes a man break his wife's head and heart. The drugs may hurt a man's liver, but it is the alcohol that fires his lust. The drugs may kill the drinker, but it is the alcohol that makes him kill others.

Yet another fallacy on which we need to concentrate the light until it becomes a burning glass to destroy it, is the idea that *lagar beer*, if not harmless, is the least harmful of alcoholic drinks. It is, in fact, the most dangerous of all, partly because this fallacy has made it seem one of the 'little sins,' that so many are willing to do. I once examined the inmates of the Christian Home for Intemperate Men in New York city, as to the way they reached the last ditch of drunkenness, and eighty per-cent told me they had begun with beer.—'Christian at Work.'

The Brewer's Coachman.

The following lines appeared in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1770, and were stated to have been written by a brewer's daughter on her father discharging his coachman for getting drunk:—

'Honest William, an easy and good-natured fellow,
Would a little too oft get a little too mellow;
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer,
No better e'er sat on a box, to be sure.
His coach he kept clean—no mother or nurses
Took more care of their babes than he took of his horses.
He had these—aye, and fifty good qualities more,
But the business of tippling could ne'er be got o'er.
So his master effectually mended the matter
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
'Now, William,' says he, 'you see the plain case;
Had you drunk as he does, you'd have kept a good place.'
'Drink water! quoth William. 'Had all men done so,
You ne'er would have wanted a coachman, I trow;
For 'tis soakers like me, whom you load with reproaches,
That enables you brewers to ride in your coaches.'

—'British Workman.'

A Literal Pledge.

Some one wrote to the Rev. F. E. Clark recently, asking if the Christian Endeavor pledge was really meant to be a literal pledge, or if it was only an ideal pledge. The answer, as given in the 'Golden Rule,' is as follows:—

It is as literal, my friend, as any covenant that man can enter into with God, as literal as any promise that you can make to father or mother or wife or husband. I am always afraid of people that try to idealize everything. They often end by idealizing all the meaning and all the common sense out of it, and by putting into it some fanciful interpretation that it was never meant to bear. The Christian Endeavor pledge, of all documents that were ever written, cannot bear this treatment. The heart and soul are taken out of it when you put a figurative meaning into it.

After all it is as simple as it is practical. The Christian Endeavorer promises to make it the rule of his life, to read his Bible and to pray every day, to support faithfully his own church, and to confess his love for Christ each week in the young people's meeting; and he admits only one excuse for the non-performance of these necessary, common, every-day duties, and that excuse is a reason that he can conscientiously give to the Master. Do not, I beg of you, Christian Endeavorers, take these duties in a figurative, unreal sense, or regard them as impossible of literal or exact fulfilment.

Opium and Prayer.

Mr. Macphail, of the Santal Free Church Mission, in the course of an extensive mission tour last spring, found himself in the heart of an opium-growing district. It was the time of the opium harvest. A spell of hot weather with high winds, which came just then, was tossing the plants and seriously spoiling the opium. The crop was to be a bad one, worse than the bad one of last year. The cultivators in the region scarcely can be persuaded to grow the poppy, though the price paid by the government has been raised. Mr. Macphail adds an interesting note of the belief in heathen hearts of the power of the Christian faith. The government opium agent—a heathen hindoo—told me very seriously that a few years ago he read in a Scotch newspaper that a number of ministers had met together in Glasgow to pray for the overthrow of the opium trade, and he had noticed that from that time things had been going from bad to worse, and his own conviction was that Providence was determined to smash up the whole business.—'Mission Paper.'

Temperance Notes.

The liquor traffic stands alone the monumental robber of every other industry upon earth.—Professor Hopkins.

Seventy-two percent of the crimes in Boston are liquor crimes. In the fifteen largest cities in the land seventy-three percent of all arrests are for drunkenness, or for drink offences.—Carrol D. Wright, ('American Statistician.')

At the present time it seems as if your police have nothing else to do but to gather in the crop provided for them by the publicans. I have heard of a policeman saying that he was little better than a publican's porter to carry home the manufactured article after the publican had turned it out.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., M.P.

The Rev. R. F. Clarke, in a paper in the 'North American Review,' says:—'I believe the experience of every one who lives or has lived among the poor, whether it be Catholic priest or Protestant clergyman, Sister of Charity or district visitor, charity organization agent or brother of St. Vincent de Paul, will bear me out in my conviction that nine-tenths if not ninety-nine-hundredths of the actual destitution among the poor is to be traced, directly or indirectly, to habits of drink.'

It is utterly impossible to have anything but hard times when the drink traffic drains annually $1,200,000,000, which should go into legitimate industry. The money which our wage-earners in the last ten years have wasted on drink would have provided every family in the land with a home free of rent. Or this sum spent in ten years by our workmen, if invested in railroad stocks and bonds, would have transferred the ownership of all our railways to the laboring classes. Put the liquor bill for the country into the treasury of the United States, and all forms of taxation might immediately be abolished.—Rev. M. C. Peters, of New York.

talked about a "Cradle Roll," and was going to get more names to go with his.'

'She means you to do it,' said her mother.

'I? Why, I don't know anybody, hardly. Yes I do, too! There's the Bonneys just got a baby, and it's a boy, too,—and they're so glad it's a boy! I'm going to ask Mr. Bonney if he isn't glad enough to give me ten dollars!

Dorothy sprinkled in the italics vigorously in her excitement, as young ladies of seventeen are apt to do. Carl sprang up joyfully into her arms at the proposal to 'get into his little carriage and go broady'; and in ten minutes or more they were out of the house and over the hill where the Bonneys lived, and where they could see Mr. Bonney that very minute, banking up his house with black, bubbly seaweed, to make it nice and warm for the new baby.

'Good morning, Mr. Bonney!' said Dorothy, cheerily. 'How's the baby?'

'Fine!' said the father. 'I see you've got your youngster!'

'Yes,' said Dorothy, wheeling Carl back and forth. 'Mamma likes to have him out, and I can take care of him best this way, too. I've come to ask you if you don't want to give somebody ten dollars this morning, Mr. Bonney!'

'Me! Ten dollars! Me?' said Mr. Bonney. 'Give somebody? Seems like there'd be more sense in somebody givin' me ten dollars, seein' I've got another mouth to feed. How's that strike you?'

'O pshaw!' said Dorothy, irreverently. 'I'll risk your finding enough for him if he had as many mouths os the Mississippi! I didn't start out with shiftless folks for my subscription paper, Mr. Bonney! I shouldn't ask some folks for more than five—or two!'

'Humph!' said Mr. Bonney, leaning on his fork and smiling grimly. 'It's plain to see they use blarney-stone for buildin'-timber where you come from. Honest, now, why d'you light on me?'

'Why, I happened to think you'd want to,' said Dorothy, truthfully. 'We've started a new auxiliary for missions—at least Carl has. He gave five dollars!' she said proudly, showing the paper. 'We are going to call it the "Cradle Roll." Isn't that a pretty name? All the babies under five I'm going to get,—each one give as much as he can,—and I thought I'd like your name to come next. You see I knew about the baby, about'—

'The other four boys,' supplied Mr. Bonney sadly. 'Yes, we're pretty pleased, mother and me. Seem's if we might manage to raise this one,—but I don't know. Ain't anything the matter with this one, fur's I can see, yit.'

'No,' said Dorothy, heartily; 'and I'm so glad. And I thought maybe you'd like to help on my Cradle Roll with a kind of a thank-offering.'

'That's the way you put it?' said the farmer, thoughtfully. 'You're a chit of a girl to be talking that way! Your mother, though—it's all in the bringing-up. It's 'bout the way she tackled me last year,' he chuckled, 'when my new barn went up. I b'lieve I give her ten toward the new organ, or something another. She wouldn't let up a mite on her argyment that I ought to give as the Lord had prospered me. Well, I dunno! Would your mother say—would she think, do you s'pose—that 'twould be any more likely to live if I sh'd do that?'

'I don't know,' said Dorothy; 'I don't think she would know anything about that. But I know she would say the blessing of the Lord would go with such a gift—if you gave it right. Why, suppose the baby died, Mr. Bonney! Wouldn't you be glad to think it had lighted other lives, and not gone out like a little flying spark, and nobody to know!'

'Yes, I would!' said Mr. Bonney, tossing the fork into the seaweed bank, where it shivered and stuck. 'I'd like to think I give it a start to sunthin' good; if the Lord didn't see fit to forrard my plans, why that's his lookout! I do' know's mother'll feel jest as I do about it. And then again I do' know but she will! I'll go ask her.'

Which he did, leaving Dorothy in a tremor of delighted fear between her thrills of hope and suspense. She was not left long to doubt, however. 'Mother' did feel just as he did, and then the ten dollars slipped joyfully into Dorothy's little bead purse, while the name to be of Mr. Bonney's youngest went proudly down under Carl's on the Cradle Roll.

'Fifteen dollars, sir!' whispered Dorothy under her breath to the baby as she tucked up his carriage blanket. 'A five and a ten is fifteen; do you understand that, Carlie-boy? Have you got the least mite of a "realizing sense" of that? You and I, little boy, are just going to make the rounds of this town in our baby carriage, and see what the babies are good for!'

Carl was duly rushed home and reported to his mother, and the subscription-book shown; and then, with her mother's approval, off they went again, rosy with excitement, and full of odd delight (as to Dorothy) at their novel undertaking.

Babies were not hard to find. Dorothy knew everybody, and everybody was glad to see her; and she told outright what she wanted with such an engaging frankness, and the new idea was so 'taking,' no wonder the names went down, and the little purse spilled out into her pocket.

'Why, I don't give a red cent myself, nor never did, from one year's end to another!' snapped one black-eyed woman, for whose little five-year-old Dorothy was fishing. 'I don't just see what I should be giving for him for!'

'Why, to begin!' said Dorothy, brightly. 'Everybody has to begin some time. It's a beginning for him, too, don't you see? Links him right in with all the big, splendid things going on in the world, and then pretty soon you can begin to tell him about them, and he will begin to care; you see, there will be the beginning of a great many things. And I don't suppose anybody will ever be able to tell the endings!' finished Dorothy, with thoughtful enthusiasm.

'I don't know anything about your missions myself,' said the black-eyed woman, not quite so snappily, 'so how could I tell him?'

'O you would know,' returned Dorothy, boldly. 'There are missionary magazines for grown people and children, that don't cost much; it is all full of beautiful pictures and maps which you can show him; there are children's stories that he'll love to have you read out loud to him Sundays or any time. And I know you'll begin to like 'em, too, Mrs. Dale. You never care for anything till you know about it.'

'I did use to know about 'em,' said the black-eyed woman softly—regretfully—in a tone that made Dorothy's heart ache, it was so soft, at once, and so bitter, 'before Solomon sold the store and came off out here to live in this lonesome place, where there's nothing to think of but butter and eggs, and three miles from any church, and the horses always tired a-Sundays. I ain't been to church as many times as he is years old since he come!' she said emphatically, pointing to the sturdy little fellow with a kind of curious resentment in face and finger.

'Couldn't you?' asked Dorothy, timidly. She was only a girl. She didn't like to suggest.

''Taint easy! said the woman, sententiously.

'But, perhaps, if you coaxed!' laughed Dorothy, nervously. 'One of the horses might go to bed early, you know. If you could manage, it would be so nice. Couldn't you?'

'Yes, I could!' said Mrs. Dale, determinedly. 'When I set out that I'm going to the store, I always get there, no matter what day of the week 'tis, and I don't know but I might just as well tire out a horse Sunday as Monday; and if I recollect, the church is a little the nighest.'

'A good deal!' laughed Dorothy. 'Well you come! It'll do you good. It is lonesome out here, and you know we haven't any horses. We've a real good minister, now, and mamma wanted me to ask you if you wouldn't enjoy coming to her Ladies' Society?'

'I don't know about that,' she answered, cautiously. 'I can't promise anything regular.'

'Come when you can; that's all anybody does,' said Dorothy, cheerily, walking off home with light feet that took the three miles easily. Solomon, Jr., was written large in her subscription-book, and the bold, black characters were backed up by quite a handsome sum from his mother's own secret savings; but more than all that, thought Dorothy, thankfully, was the impulse to better things that her errand had given to the lonely woman in the isolated farmhouse behind her.

On the way she stopped in at a house where she had promised to call a few days before. The baby had met her that day, laughing—a sunny little thing, that she had petted and taught to call her 'Doddie.' The mother had said yes readily enough. She was not one of the kind that needed 'talking into it'; only she wanted a little time to think what she could afford. To-day she put a thick green roll of bills into Dorothy's hands as she met her at the door, and pulled her gently in past the shining white ribbon that was the first hint the girl had had of the grief for her.

'Come and see him!' she sobbed, drawing her on swiftly. 'The very next day—he was only sick three days—I tried to get you word, but it was all so sudden. And he loved you so'—

'And I loved him,' sobbed Dorothy.

'One of the very last things he said—all choked up in his poor little throat—only last night—he looked up there to his little red bank, and said, 'Div—Doddie—my'— And I'm going to; I promised I would. More than that, too, his father says I may. We talked it over. It's for a memorial. That's what I was watching for you for when I saw you away down the road. I didn't know what I could afford the other day. I do now.'

So Dorothy went sadly, gladly home with her 'memorial.' It swelled the precious hoard, that, taking all the sums, big and little, was getting to be quite respectable already.

By her plate at supper she found a letter, thin and official-looking, which, when opened, threw her into a most unexampled state of dismay and bewilderment. It was a summons from the lady who had first suggested the Cradle Roll, to come and 'present the cause' at the State Branch meeting, soon to be held in a neighboring city. The lady was secretary, and had kept herself informed of all Dorothy's doings.

'I haven't any "cause,"' she cried laughingly. 'It's Carl's! But I ought to send the money off somehow. It worries me, I've got so much. I won't go a step, though, Carl may,' she said, pinching him. Her mother laughed, too, but looked thoughtful. Suppose he should, and plead his own 'cause?'

Dorothy never quite knew how it happened. She wasn't a 'speaking woman,' she told her mother. 'I came not here to talk,' she told the audience, when she finally came before them, blushingly, with Carl in her arms. 'Perhaps Carl can,' she laughed, holding him up. 'But, anyway, we've got up a "Cradle Roll," Carl and I, and there's ninety-four dollars and a little over, and we think it will bring in a good deal every year if you want to have us for an Auxiliary. And—I don't know as I've got anything more to say; have you, Carl?'

Carl hadn't, but the congregation had; and they laughed and clapped, and whispered delightedly, beginning at last to break out in spots all over the room with new names for the Cradle Roll, so that Dorothy had to drop Carl and turn scribe for the occasion, after which she delivered up her little brown book and went off with her baby.

'He ain't a little hindering sing,' she cooed in his ears, 'and he never was. And they can all be helps, and not hinders, if their mothers will only say so.'

A Song For Jesus.

By Frances R. Havergal.

Have you not a song for Jesus?
All the little buds and flowers,
All the merry birds and breezes,
All the sunbeams and the showers,

Praise Him in their own sweet way!
What have you to sing to-day?
Bring your happiest songs and sing
For your Saviour and your King.

After long days of storm and showers,
Of sighing winds and dripping bowers,
How sweet at morn to ope our eyes
On newly swept and garnished skies.

None so poor who cannot love,
Yet none so like his Lord shall prove;
O Saviour, give thy love to me,
And make me ever like to thee.'

Sandy.

By Gladys Davidson.

One day in the summer-time, Sandy, the little crossing-sweeper, was standing as usual at his crossing. Not that there was any mud to sweep away, for no rain had fallen lately, and the roads were hard and quite dry.

But Sandy, besides being a very good crossing-sweeper, had another accomplishment to fall back upon during dry weather. He was a street artist, and, whenever he had time to spare, he would cover the pavement about his crossing with chalk drawings.

He loved this work, and was really clever at it; but, as his crossing was in the suburbs of a great city, and there were not very many people passing to and fro, his efforts did not attract much attention.

He had been advised, and had himself often thought, that if he changed his crossing for one in the busy city, he might get on better.

But nothing on earth would now induce him to give up his beloved crossing. And why? What a useless question to ask! Sandy would have said. Did not his beautiful little 'angel' every day pass over his present crossing, with her dear, dainty feet, as she went with her nurse for her morning walk? Did he not always sweep his crossing specially for her, so that those same little fairy feet should not get soiled? Did she not sometimes bring him a flower, and even chalks for his drawings? Oh, yes, she did all this, and it was worth while to keep on the crossing for the mere pleasure of seeing her.

Of course, she was not a real 'angel,' for she used to talk to him (whenever her nurse would allow her) about her dolls, woolly lambs, fur monkeys, etc., and Sandy had a vague idea that a real angel would not talk of such things!

Yes, after all, she was only a pretty little girl, with a kind heart, and a sweet smile; but she looked like an angel in a picture Sandy had once seen in a shop window, and that was quite enough for him.

Sandy had been drawing on the pavement to-day, and he now stood looking with doubtful eyes at his work. He was a boy about twelve years old, but small for his age; his face was pale and thin, and his head was crowned with a tangle of long, reddish hair, hence his name.

There was nothing lovely about poor Sandy's face, except his expression, which told of a beautiful soul within. His clothes were ragged, but his face and hands were clean, for had not his 'little angel' told him that she did not like dirty hands and faces?

As he stood looking at his work, a bright, happy voice cried out, 'Why, Sandy, you never saw me coming!'

Sandy quickly turned round, and there was his little 'angel!' In other words, there stood before him a pretty little girl about six years of age, who had bright eyes, pink cheeks, golden curls, and who was dressed all in white.

Her nurse was in the distance, so the child made the most of her time.

'What have you been drawing to-day, Sandy?' she asked; then looking at the picture on the pavement, she cried, in delighted surprise—

'Why, it's me!'

'Yes, miss!' Sandy replied, the color coming into his pale cheeks as he spoke, adding with a sigh, 'But it's not a good 'un!'

'I think it is!' said the little girl, decidedly. 'And, Sandy, do you know, I've told my papa about you, and he's coming with me to-morrow morning to look at your drawings, so mind you have some nice ones ready! My papa is an arch—no, an art-critic. I don't know what that means, but I know he can do a great deal of good if he likes! And he's sure to like your pictures, and——'

'Now, you just come along, Miss Muriel, and don't keep me waiting!' interrupted nurse, who came up at this moment.

'Yes, yes, nurse, I'm coming!' said the little girl, brightly. 'Good-bye, Sandy, and mind you don't forget about to-morrow.'

So saying, dainty little Muriel ran off, leaving Sandy in a great state of excitement and admiration.

* * * * *

Next day Sandy was at his place early.

He first of all carefully swept every speck of dust from off his crossing; then he set to work and drew several fresh pictures on the pavement. He left in the portrait of his little 'angel,' and drew a pretty frame of ivy leaves all round it.

When he had finished his pictures he took a good look at them.

He decided that they were the very best he had ever drawn, and hoped that the grand gentleman who was coming to look at them, would be as pleased as his small daughter always was.

Sandy was a very simple, innocent little lad. Although he lived in the very poorest part of the city, where wickedness was openly practised, his beautiful mind and simple but pure heart had kept him from evil.

He loved to think that everyone was good and kind; so he felt no fear as he stood waiting for his expected visitors.

Presently, he caught a glimpse of a white dress, and he knew that his little 'angel' was coming.

She was walking with a tall gentleman, but as soon as she caught sight of Sandy, she left her father's

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON XI.—Mar 14.

Saul the Persecutor Converted.

Acts ix., 1-12, 17-20. Read chapter ix., 1-30. Commit vs. 17-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.'—1 Tim., 1-15.

Home Readings.

M. Acts 9: 1-31.—Saul, the Persecutor, Converted.
T. Acts 22: 1-16.—His Own Account of It.
W. Acts 26: 9-20.—Obedient to the Heavenly Vision.
Th. 1 Tim. 1: 1-20.—Once a Blasphemer and a Persecutor.
F. Gal. 1: 1-17.—Called by God's Grace.
S. Eph. 3: 1-21.—To Preach Among the Gentiles.
S. Phil. 3: 1-21.—He gave up All for Christ.

Time.—About A.D. 36.
Places.—On the road to Damascus; later, at Damascus.

Lesson Story.

Saul, whose one wish and ambition now seems to have been to persecute and slay all those who had anything to do with the faith of Jesus, went and asked the high priest for letters to the rulers of the synagogue at Damascus. He had had authority in Jerusalem to cast into prison all those who believed on Jesus, now he was given power to bring from Damascus all he could lay hands on. He set out from Jerusalem with a large party, probably a good many of them soldiers who would take in charge the prisoners.

As he came near the city of Damascus suddenly a great light shone out, and Saul, blinded by the light, fell to the ground. Then he heard a voice calling to him, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?' 'Who art Thou, Lord?' he answered tremblingly. Then Jesus told him how in persecuting His followers he was really persecuting Him. He told him that it was hard to fight against God and his own conscience.

Saul was very much astonished when he found that the Lord knew all his thoughts, and the hitherto proud and self-willed man gave up his own will once for all into the keeping of his new found Lord, asking in utter humility—'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' 'And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.'

Those who were travelling with Saul were dazzled by the great light and astonished with the sound, but they had not heard the words which were spoken to Saul. Saul had been blinded by the glory of the light and remained blind for some time. His companions led him into the city, where he fasted and prayed three days in the house of Judas on Straight street. Then the Lord sent a vision to a disciple named Ananias and told him to go to Saul and baptize and instruct him. Ananias was rather afraid to go at first, but the Lord told him how he had chosen Saul to be His messenger to the Gentiles. Ananias therefore went and laid his hands upon Saul praying that he might receive his sight and be filled with the Holy Spirit. Immediately the prayer was answered, and when he had taken some refreshment he was strengthened. Saul stayed with the disciples at Damascus for some days learning more about Jesus, and at once began to preach Christ in the synagogues. All that heard him were amazed, and some of the Jews plotted to kill him, but the disciples let him down by the wall in a basket at night.

Lesson Hymn.

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Can give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our guilt away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou did'st bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And knows her guilt is there.

Lesson Hints.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. 'Of this Way,—Jesus is the Way of Life; the Japanese use this same expression, calling the Christian life 'the Jesus-way.'

'Why persecutest thou Me?'—'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Saul may not have thought of persecuting Jesus, but he soon found that he could not touch any of the members of the Body of Christ (1 Cor. xii., 27; Eph. v., 30) without the Head feeling the sufferings.

'Trembling and astonished'—Beginning to realize that his life, which had always seemed to him so righteous, was not 'perfect before God.' No man can be saved by good works. 'There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved' but by the precious name of Jesus.

'Who art Thou, Lord?' He saw the Lord Jesus in glorious human form, (1 Cor. xv.,8). 'I am Jesus'—the Saviour of mankind. 'It shall be told thee,' Saul was not yet ready for all that the Lord had to show him. (vs. 15, 16). 'Hearing a voice'—they heard the sound but could not distinguish the words, (xxii., 19).

'He was three days without sight'—these days he spent alone with the Lord, learning of Him and of the Christian life, realizing the difference between the life of ease and honor, wealth and earthly success which seemed to stretch before him on one hand, and on the other, the life of self-denial, self-sacrifice, yea, self-crucifixion and bitter trials and persecutions sweetened by the love and fellowship of Jesus on earth and the hope of glory hereafter. He counted the cost and reckoned 'that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.'

'Ananias'—very different from the other Ananias, this man was filled with the Holy Ghost. 'The Lord said . . . Go.' We must live very near to God to be able to hear His voice, and when He speaks we must obey at once.

'Brother Saul'—thus at once receiving him into fellowship. 'Be filled with the Holy Ghost,' the enduement for life and service. Without the Holy Ghost the Christian must live a life of limited power and frequent defeat, for it is not we but the Spirit of the Lord who alone has power to 'lift up a standard' when the enemy comes in like a flood. 'He received meat'—food. We must attend to the needs of the body as well as the soul, they are closely connected. 'Straightway he preached'—immediately he told his wonderful experience and preached the love and power of Jesus, and how He is the Son of God and Saviour of men.

Search Questions.

1. Is anything else known about this Ananias?
2. Is the name of any other street mentioned in the Bible?

Primary Lesson.

Do you remember who took care of the clothes of the men who threw the first stones at Stephen? A young man named Saul who afterward persecuted and put in prison a great many people just because they were Christians. What would you say if anyone asked you what a Christian was? A Christian is a person who loves Jesus and does what Jesus tells him, and is not afraid to say he belongs to Jesus.

Saul was going on a journey to a city called Damascus. Suddenly he saw a great light and heard Jesus speaking to him. Jesus called to him, saying, 'Saul Saul, don't you know that when you hurt the people that belong to Me, you hurt Me, too?'

Then Saul looked up and saw Jesus, he knew it was the voice of God calling him, so he said 'Who art Thou, Lord.' Jesus told him that He was the Saviour of men, and that it was no use for Saul to try to fight against Him, because He was God.

Then Saul was very sorry that he had been trying to fight God; so he said, 'Lord Jesus, I'll do whatever you tell me.' 'What would you like me to do?' And the Lord said, 'Arise, and go into the city,' and He promised to send some one there to tell him what to do. Saul obeyed. The first thing we have to do is to obey. Suppose Saul had said—'No, I don't want to do that. Tell me something grand to do.' Would that have pleased Jesus? No, He wants us to show our love by obeying Him.

God let Saul wait three days so as to prepare him, and teach him to trust, then He sent a good man named Ananias to pray with him and teach him. Ananias was afraid to go at first, because he had heard how cruel Saul used to be, but Jesus told him not to be afraid because Saul had given his heart to Jesus, and Jesus had filled him with love. It is always safe to go on God's errands. It is never safe to go anywhere without Jesus.

Ananias went to Saul and prayed with him. Then God sent His Holy Spirit into Saul's heart to make him strong to work and speak for Jesus. Ask God to send the Holy Spirit into your heart to make you strong to love and work for Jesus.

Suggested Hymns.

'Stand up, stand up for Jesus,' 'What can wash away my sin?' 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' 'Why do you wait?' 'She only touched the hem,' 'Why not now?'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

A man may be earnest, energetic and conscientious, and still be committing sin. (v. 1,2.)

Darkness always flees before light. (v. 3, 4.)

There is a point in every man's life that marks his destiny either to glory or despair. (v. 5, 6.)

A deep-seated disease requires a severe remedy. (v. 8, 9.)

The Lord knows where His people are, though Satan may not discover their hiding place. (v. 10.)

When the Master sends us on a mission, He will give us all the information we need. (v. 11, 12.)

A man may be converted and yet be partially blind. Many have not received the second touch. (v. 17-19. Mark 8: 2.)

Tiverton, Ont.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC.

March 7.—Opportunities to do good—seeing them, using them.—John 4: 5-15; 1 Cor. 9: 19-22.

JUNIOR PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

March 7.—Chances to do good: what are some of them, and how are they to be used?—John 4:7-15.

What the Teacher May do.

A minister writes to 'The Interior':—'The excuse given by not a few of our young people for non-attendance at the week-night meeting is that they have their school tasks to prepare. Pardon, then, a reference to personal experience. When a young man of seventeen or eighteen years of age, and preparing for college, I undertook to make the foolish experiment of crowding two years' work into one. This involved working night and day until twelve or one o'clock, but I do not think that it ever interfered with my attendance at the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting. I do not take the slightest credit to myself on this account. The meetings, as I recall them, were lamentably dry and wearisome; but I had been trained to be regular in the discharge of my church duties, and I went as a matter of course, regardless of my studies and the state of the weather. Later on in years, when the meetings were really helpful, the practice of habitual attendance on them was of immeasurable benefit to my Christian life.'

Here is something for us all to think about. The habit of planning study so as to have Wednesday free for a religious meeting will do much more to make a student's life systematic and spiritual. It will regulate his pleasures and his sport. Teachers can arrange the studies of Wednesday and Thursday so that this may be done, if parents desire. They will do so if asked. Much more than church attendance on Sunday does prayer-meeting attendance on a mid-week night prepare a boy or girl to go away from home or to grow up at home a vigorous helpful Christian. It makes them acquainted with Christian people. The very self-denial in attending increases their sense of responsibility for the religious tone of the church. From time to time they receive such helps to spirituality as scarcely anywhere else reach their lives.—'American Messenger.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Home Training.

(Kate Upson Clark in 'Congregationalist.')

The child's ideals must be formed from those of his home. Without express words he learns, if he has the right kind of parents, that the habit of smoking is folly, and worse; that no respectable man, if he loves his country and his God aright, will ever be seen in a liquor saloon; that moral worth and mind culture are in price far above rubies or any form of material wealth; that the churches represent God in the world, and that if one would help on God's work he must go to church and side with church-going people against the other sort; and a hundred other postulates, which accompany or follow these as inevitably as the day the sunrise.

All children will doubtless object sometimes to attendance upon church or school when there seems no special reason for doing so. They will sometimes treat guests rudely in spite of the best efforts of conscientious guardians, but the proper routine of a home assumes so much that the well-bred child comes to take certain things for granted and as essential to the everyday conduct of the family. He expects to go to church as surely as he expects to eat his breakfast on Sunday morning. He expects to bathe himself at certain stated hours, and if he cannot conveniently do this every day he sets certain times in the week for it, because he has been brought up to do it so regularly that he takes it for granted that the things must always be done thus and so. He accepts the duty of entertaining visitors and, perhaps, of seeing them to their homes as necessary.

'Why, how do your children learn to do these things without protest?' inquired one mother of another. 'Mine make a fuss about going to bed, and another about geting up in the morning. They scold every Sunday about going to church. If they can trump up the slightest excuse they want to stay at home from school. My eldest boy, who is fourteen, and ought to know better, almost refuses to see Miss H. home when she comes to make her calls, which have to be in the evening, for she has no other time. How do you contrive to have your children perform all these duties so willingly?'

The explanation was made that they had been from their earliest years required to do these little tasks so unwaveringly, and the possibility of any alternative had been so strenuously concealed from them that no question ever arose in their minds in regard to them. It was taken for granted that they were to be done; the ideals of the family as impressed every moment of every day since the children were born clearly demanded it, and accordingly they 'were' done.

In Case of Fire.

Dr. George H. Hope gives the following sensible and easily followed directions for a method of procedure in case of a woman's clothing taking fire—an unfortunate accident of almost daily occurrence. Her clothing takes fire; she is wrapped in flames; her arms and hands, her neck and face, are scorched with the heat; her hair is in a blaze; the smoke is suffocating her. She becomes utterly confused, and rushes to and fro, so creating a current of air which increases the fire. The best thing she could have done would have been instantly to roll upon the floor. But how few have the presence of mind to do this! The more need for a friend to do it for her. Seize her by the hand, or by some part of the burning dress which is not burning, and throw her on the ground. Slip off a coat or shawl, a bit of carpet, anything you can catch up quickly, hold this before you, clasp her tightly with it, which will protect your hands. As quickly as possible fetch plenty of water; make everything thoroughly wet, for though the flame is out, there is still the hot cinder and the half-burnt clothing eating into the flesh; carry carefully into a warm room, lay on a table or on a carpet on the floor—not the bed—give some warm, stimulating drink, and proceed to the next operation, that of removing the clothing.

Perhaps in the whole course of accidents there is not one which requires so much care and gentleness as this. We want only three people in the room—one on each side of the patient, and one to wait upon them. O for a good pair of scissors or a really sharp knife! What a misery you will inflict by sawing through string, etc., with a rough-edged, blunt knife. There must be no dragging or pulling off; do not let the hope of saving anything influence you. Let everything be so completely cut loose that it will fall off; but if any part sticks to the body let it remain, and be careful not to burst any blisters.—'Womankind.'

Lunch Sandwiches.

Egg Sandwiches—Boil the eggs forty-five minutes. Plunge into cold water. Peel. Rub them through a fine sieve, and to each egg allow one-half of a teaspoonful of soft butter. Work to a paste. Season well, and spread between thin slices of unbuttered bread.

Ham Sandwiches—Chop cold boiled ham very fine, fat and lean together, and to every cupful allow one tablespoonful of melted butter, the yolks of two hard boiled eggs, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, one quarter of a teaspoonful of dry mustard, and one quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper. Pound to a paste, and spread between thin, evenly sliced bread cut in any fancy shape.

Lamb Sandwiches—Trim off fat and mince very fine. Add enough rich cream to moisten; season with salt and spread on the prepared bread.

Nut Sandwiches—Chop very fine a mixture of nuts, using hickory nuts, English walnuts and almonds. Put with them two teaspoonfuls of grated cheese, a dust of salt, and spread between slices of unbuttered bread.

Baked Bean Sandwiches—Rub one cupful of soaked beans to a smooth paste, and one teaspoonful each of parsley and celery, one teaspoonful of onion juice and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of made mustard.

Peanut Sandwiches—Shell and remove the skins from a pint of fresh-roasted peanuts, chop very fine, mix with a little mayonnaise, and spread thin slices of white bread cut in fancy forms.

Fig Sandwiches — Select eight fine figs, pour boiling water over, drain, and chop very fine, spread between slightly buttered bread, cut in fancy forms.—'Housekeeper.'

A Word to Mothers.

Let your little ones be sure that 'there is sunshine in your souls.' Let them never doubt the brightness of your own faith and theirs will not be clouded. This little incident from personal experience will point the message which I bring you.

I was trying to speak cheering words to a man in middle life, who was indulging in a fit of depression. He said, 'If I had your sunny disposition, I should be thankful. But I told him, 'It is not my disposition, it is Christ in me that makes me hopeful; you need him.' Then he gave me this sad answer, 'My mother has been a professor of religion for many years, and she often has the blues.' What answer could I give to one whom his mother disappointed? Yet that poor mother was so far from realizing what she lacked that she hoped her son would be a Christian some day, and thought she was trying to persuade him to be one. While he, watching her with a hungry heart for years, was disappointed in her religion. He left this life not long ago with no hope, so far as his dearest friends know, in his mother's Saviour.

O, mothers, in partnership with the 'God of hope,' may he who has intrusted these immortal souls to your care make you to abound in hope, that you may never dwarf or destroy the perfect trust in him which is natural to his little ones.—'Congregationalist.'

Selected Recipes.

MOLASSES COOKIES.

One cup molasses, one-half cup brown sugar, one teaspoonful soda, one egg, one-half cup hot water, one-half cup shortening, one teaspoonful each ginger and salt, five cups of flour, or enough to drop from the spoon into soft cakes.

BREAD OMELET.

Soak one cup stale bread crumbs in two cups milk fifteen minutes. Beat the yolks of four eggs very light, add one-quarter teaspoonful salt and speck of pepper. Stir in the softened crumbs and then the stiffly-beaten whites. Heat one teaspoonful butter in an omelet pan, pour in the mixture and when slightly browned set into a moderate oven for a few minutes to set the top. Fold over on a hot platter and serve with a cream or a tomato sauce, previously made and kept hot.

COCOANUT SPONGE.

Thicken a pint of milk with two heaped tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little salt. Cook ten minutes, when slightly cool beat in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs and one cup of fresh grated cocoanut and turn into a mold. Serve with soft custard made with the yolks of eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one pint of milk.

PRUNE PUDDING.

Whip the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, add slowly five tablespoonfuls powdered sugar, beating all the time. Then add one cup of cooked prunes chopped, and beat until very light. Put into a small pudding dish and bake about ten minutes; then set away to cool. Beat the yolks of five eggs, add half a cup of sugar, and beat until creamy. Add one pint of hot milk slowly and cook in double boiler until thick like soft custard. Cool and serve as a sauce for the prune pudding.—'American Kitchen Magazine.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

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